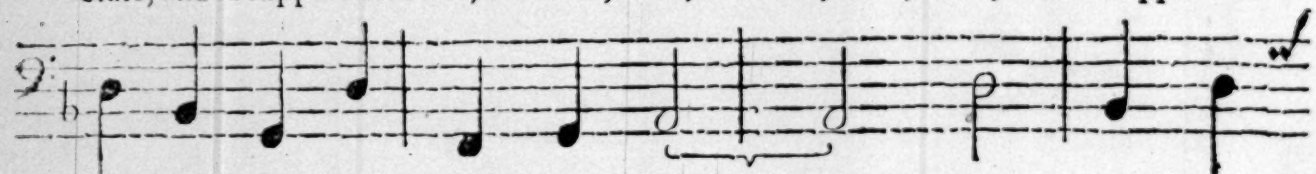




Drink, drink, drink, but drink and fo support the State, and fo support the State, and



State, and fo support the State, but drink, drink, but drink, drink, drink, and fo support the



fo support the State, but drink, drink, drink, & fo support the State, but drink, but drink, but



State, but drink, but drink, drink, drink, & fo support the State, but drink, drink, drink



drink & fo support the State, and fo support the State, but drink and fo support the State.



but drink, drink, and fo support the State, and fo support the State, but drink & fo sup- - port the State.



Mr. Henry Purcel.

D Folio

C 5534-~~5533~~

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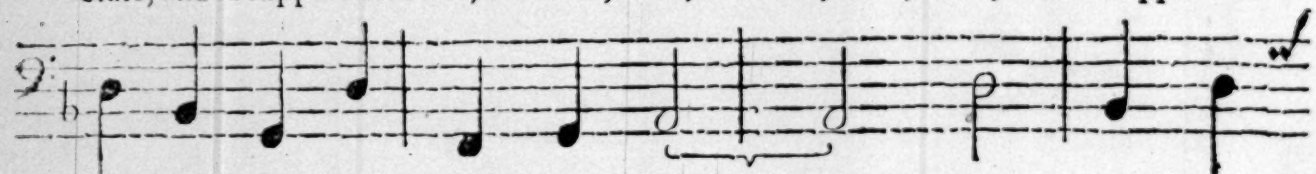
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Drink, drink, drink, but drink and fo support the State, and fo support the State, and



State, and fo support the State, but drink, drink, but drink, drink, drink, and fo support the



fo support the State, but drink, drink, drink, & fo support the State, but drink, but drink, but



State, but drink, but drink, drink, drink, & fo support the State, but drink, drink, drink



drink & fo support the State, and fo support the State, but drink and fo support the State.



but drink, drink, and fo support the State, and fo support the State, but drink & fo sup- - port the State.



Mr. Henry Purcel.

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COMES AMORIS:

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Companion of LOVE.

Being a Choice COLLECTION
Of The Newest SONGS now in Use.

WITH

Thorow-Bass to each SONG for the *Harpfichord*, *Theorbo*, or *Bass-Viol*.

THE FOURTH BOOK.



L O N D O N,

Printed by J. Heptinstall for John Carr, and Samuell Scott, at the
Middle Temple Gate in Fleet-street, 1693.

A Table of the SONGS contain'd in this Book.

A	A	Page.	L	Page.
<i>Alas Madam you are too severe,</i>		2	<i>Let us Dance, let us Sing,</i>	30
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<i>How long must Women wish in vain,</i>		9	W	
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<i>If Musick be the Food of Love,</i>		15	<i>You understand no tender Vows,</i>	5
<i>in vain, in vain 'gainst Love I strove,</i>		24		

T O
Lionell Duckett,
O F

HARTHAM, in the County of WILTS, Esq;

SIR,

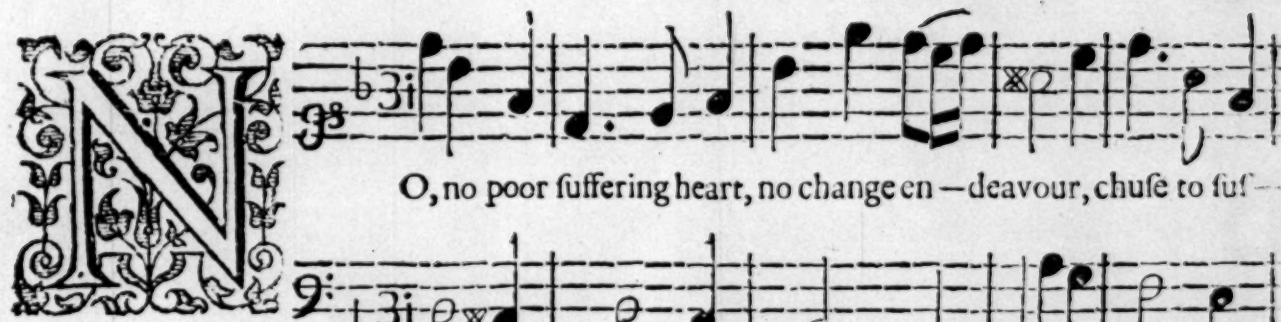
WE hope it will be no Offence in us to tell the World that you are pleased to be an Encourager of the Musical Faculty, since the Patrons of that Art have been observed to be the Best sort of Men. They are Persons whose Minds and Tempers seem to be made up of an Agreeable Harmony. You are so great an Instance of this Truth, that You your self are not more an Admirer of Musick than Mankind are of You, as many as have the happiness to know you. 'Tis your great Felicity to be both a Lover of your Country and beloved by your Country. We confess 'tis above our Station to pretend to Panegyrick, yet the Sense of our Obligations to you will not permit us to be altogether silent. If this little Volume prove acceptable to you, it will be as great a satisfaction to us as if it were approv'd by an Orpheus or Apollo. 'Tis the utmost of our Ambition to add, (as much as in us lies) to the Diversion of Gentlemen whose Souls are refin'd enough to relish the Charms of Musick. We have therefore made bold to offer this Endeavour to your Patronage, depending upon that Goodness and Candour which are the natural Result of your Temper. Wherefore amongst the number of your Admirers we beg leave to subscribe ourselves as we are in all Respect and Sincerity,

Sir,

Your most devoted

humble Servants,

John Carr,
Samuell Scott,



O, no poor suffering heart, no change en — deavour, chuse to suf —



—tain the smart rather than leave her; My ravish'd Eyes behold such Charmsa-bout her,



I can dye with her, but not live with-out her: One tender sigh of her's



to see me Languish, will more than pay the price of my past Anguish; beware, oh



Cruel, fair how you Smile on me, 'twas a kind look of yours that has undone me.



H.

Love has in store for me one happy minute,
And she will end my pain who did begin it;
Then no day Void of Bliss, and Pleasure leaving,
Ages shall slide away without perceiving:
Cupid shall guard the Door, the more to please us,
And keep out Time, and Death, when they wou'd seize us,
Time and Death shall depart, and say in flying,
Love has found out a way to Live by dying.

B

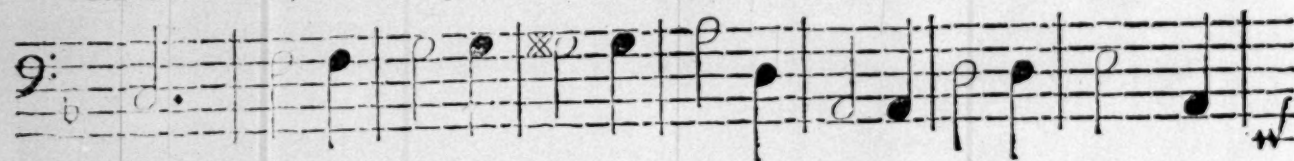
The Words by Mr. Dryden. Set by Mr. Purcell.



Al II Madam you are too fe—vere, in dou—ble Chains your



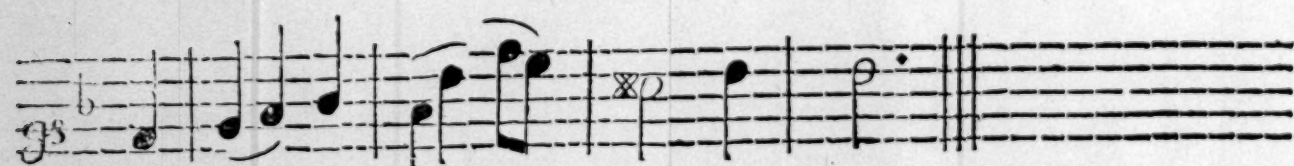
Slave to bind; Are all your Fetters doom'd to wear, that are not deaf as



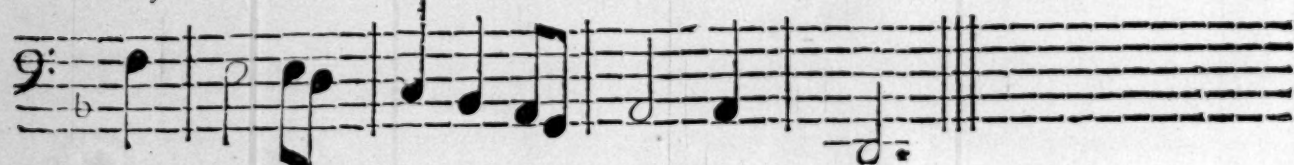
well as blind? Then Ple no more my Eyes ac—cuse, for lead—ing



my poor heart astray; Should they the strict—est cau—tion use,



my Ears its freedom would be—tray.



II.

The Fortrefs cannot be maintain'd,
Already more than half or'ethrown;
For since my Eyes and Ears are gain'd,
The chieftest Out-works are your own:
Then freely I'll my Heart resign,
Let at least my comfort be;
She nothing cruel can design,
That's all made up of Harmony.

By Mr. Moses Snow.

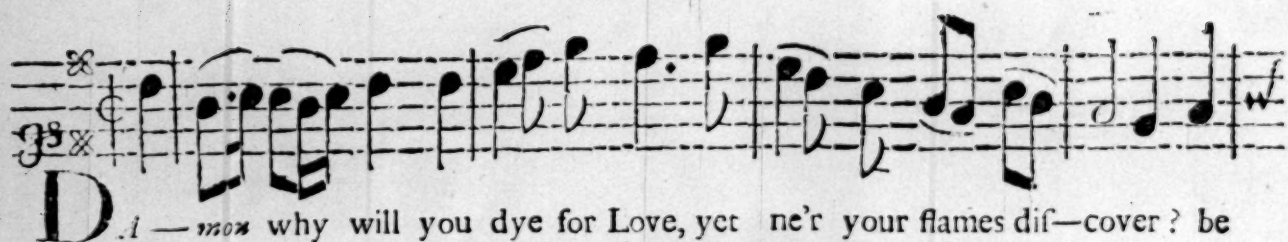
May her Blest ex-am-ple, chase Vice in troops out of the Land,

Flying from her aw—full Face, like trembling Ghosts when day's at hand :

May her He—ro bring us peace, wone with Honour in the Field;

And our home-bred Factions cease, He still our Sword, and She our Shield.

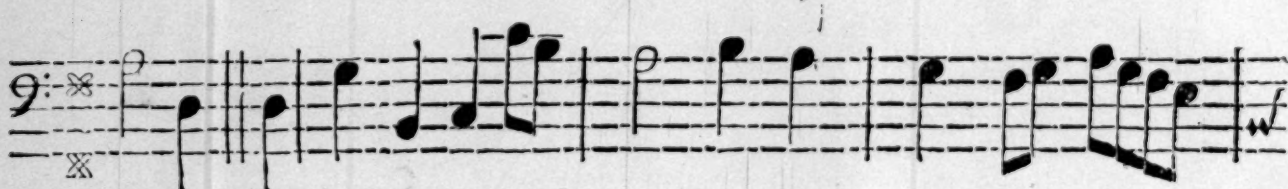
By Mr. *Henry Purcell.*



wife and soon that pain remove, or tell the Nymph, or tell the Nymph you



Love her: As in each of her fierce dis—dain, so in Love's cru—el



Anguish; he who wants Sense to beg for ease, deserves, deserves in pain, in



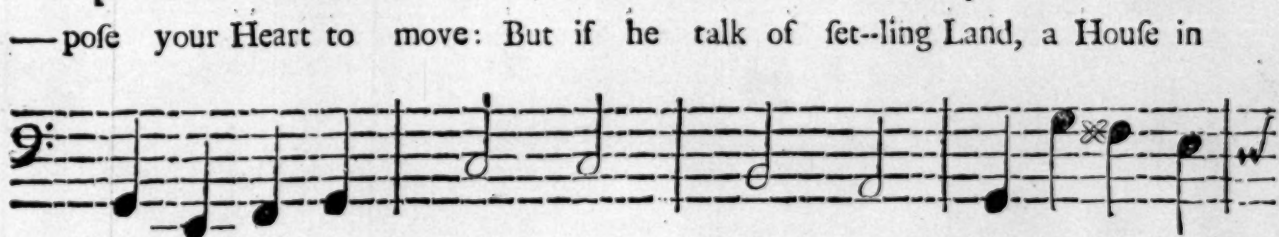
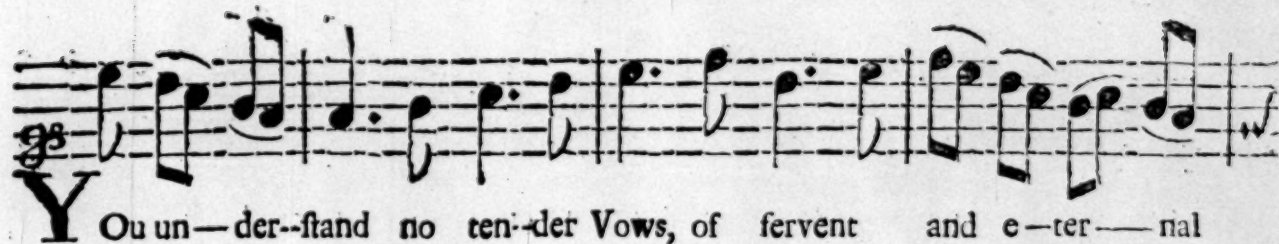
pain, deserves in pain to Languish.

By Mr. Courtevell.



II.

Women like Fortune Love the bold,
 Like her their minds they vary;
 Perhaps this day tho' *Celia's* Cold,
 With you the next She'll Marry:
 Be sure be true if She is kind,
 If cruel then forget her;
 With little pains you soon will find,
 A Nymph who'll use you better.



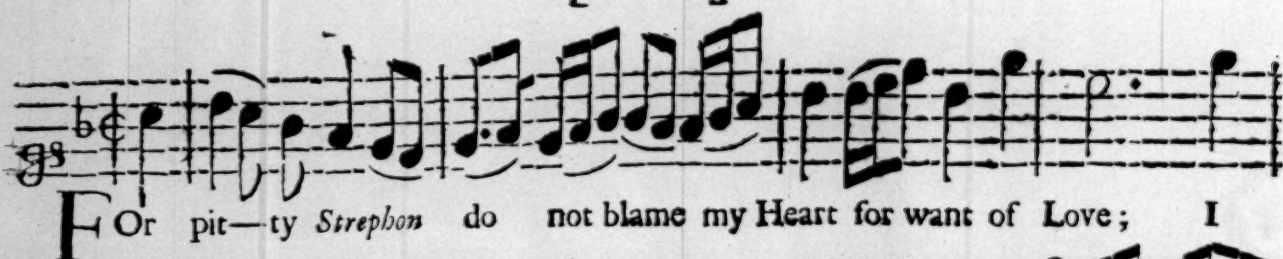
Town and Coach maintain'd, you un-der-stand, you un-der-stand.



II.

By Mr. Robert King.

You understand no Charm in Wit,
 In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air;
 To any Fop you will submit,
 The Nauseous Clown, or fulsome Cite
 If rich they are,
 Who Guineas can may you command,
 Put Gold, and then put in your—
 You understand, you understand.



can no lon—ger act dis—dain, our Passion e—qual move: By all those



dear en—gage-ing Charms, poor *Phi—lis* now is won, and yields her



pow'r to thy Armes; A—lafs, a—lafs, a—lafs, a—lafs to be un—done.



II.

By Mr. *Biron*.

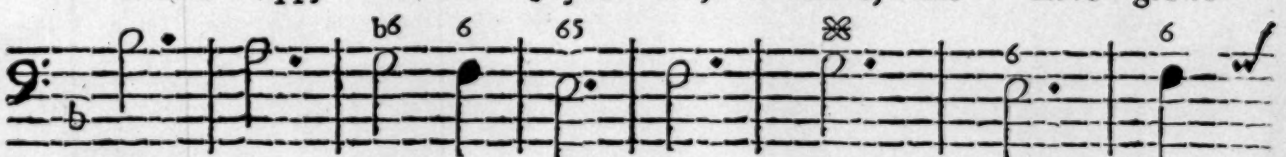
Too late I find it is in vain,
 Love's Fire to conceal;
 The soft, the wishing dying pain,
 My tell-tale Eyes reveal:
 It is decree'd, nor can my fear,
 Divert what Fate will doe;
 The Purchase will be Rich and Dear,
 Be *Strephon* false or true.



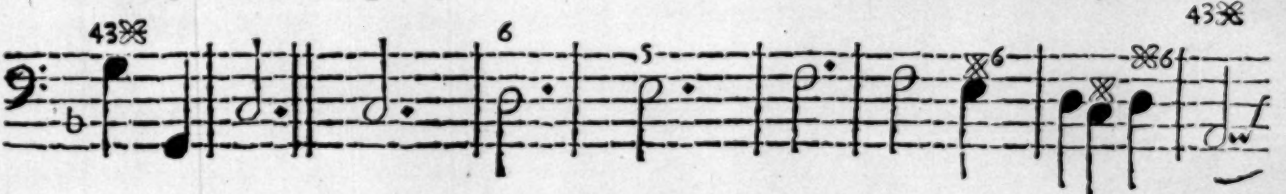
Since Spartan Heroes were so dull, they felt not Beauty's pow'r;



Thrice happy we whose Joys are full, While Love, while Love grows



every hour: 'Tis pi-ty in a no-ble mind Nature shou'd bear, shou'd bear



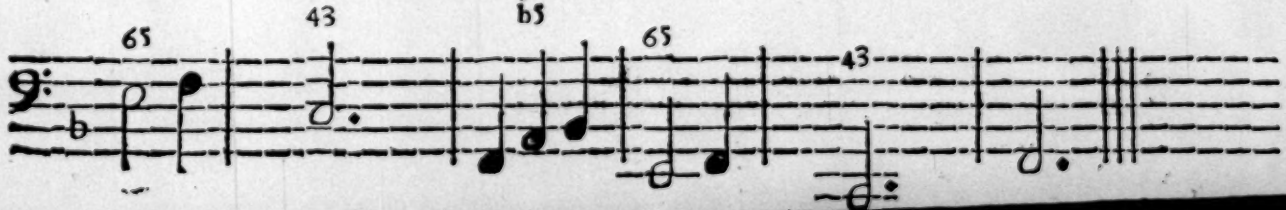
no part; How can the Brave be true-ly kind, And Love not touch, and



Love not touch, not touch the heart, and Love not touch the heart; and



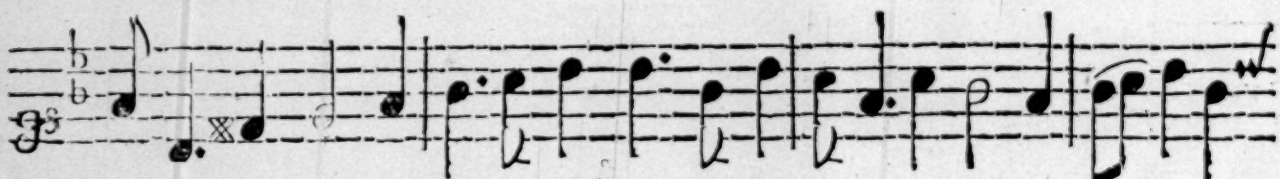
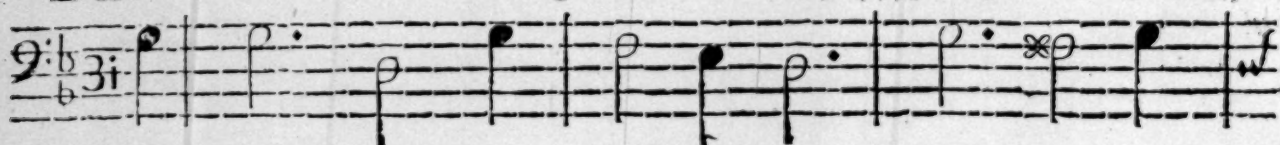
Love not touch the heart, and Love not touch the heart?



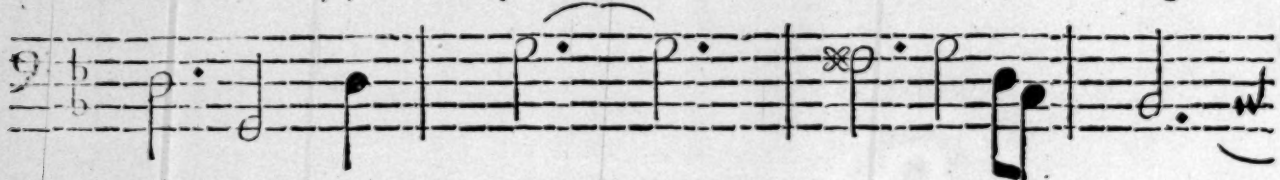
A Song in the Marriage-hater match'd.



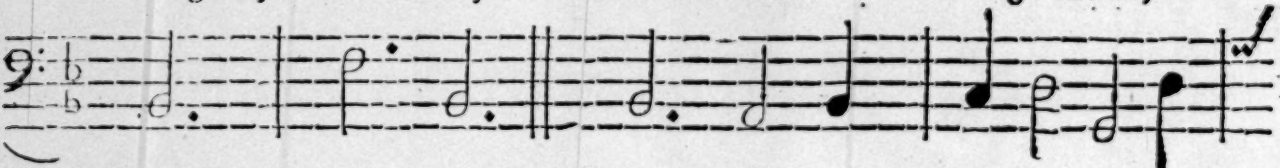
How Vile are the Sor-did Intregues of the Town, Cheating and Lying con —



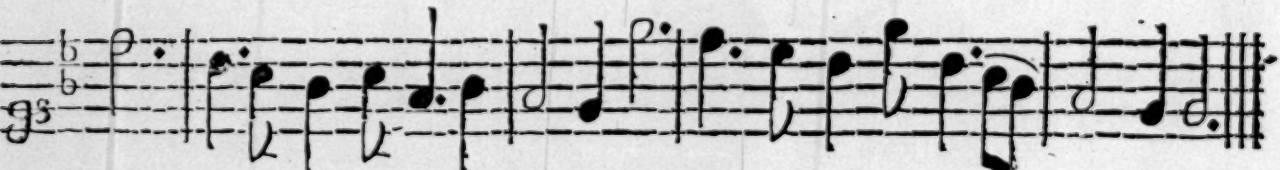
—ti— nually sway; From Bully and Punck to the Politick Gown, In Plotting and



Sotting they waste the day: All their Discourse is of Forreign Affairs, The



French and the Warrs is always the cry, Marriage a—last is de—cli—ning,



Nay tho' a poor Virgin lyes pining, Ah curse of this jarring what luck have I.



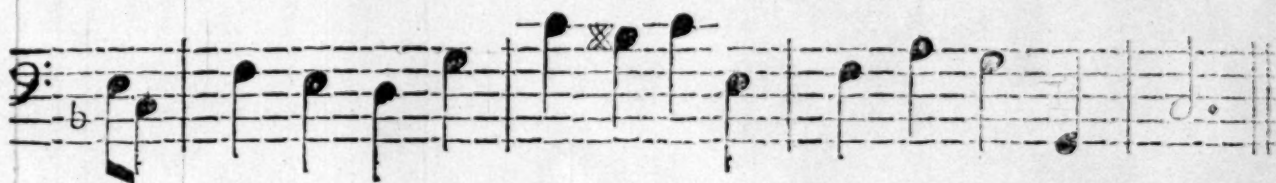
II.

I hop'd a rich Trader by Ogling Charms,
 Into my Conjugall Fetters to bring;
 I planted my snare too for one that lov'd Arms,
 But found his design was another thing;
 From the Court Province down to the dull Cirrs,
 Both Cully and Wits of Marriage are shy;
 Marriage alas is declining,
 Nay tho' a poor Virgin lyes pining,
 Ah pox of the *Monsieur* what luck have I.

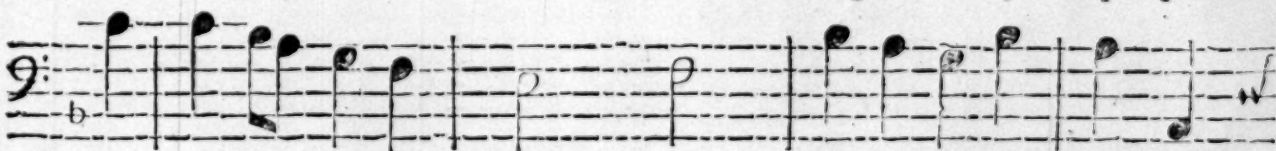
The Words made (and Set) by Mr. *Durfee*.



No art can Fi—kle man retain, Or fix a rov—ing mind:



Thus fond—ly we our selves deceive, And emp—ty hopes per—



—sue; Tho' false to others we believe, They will to us prove true.



II.

But Oh! the Torment to discern,
A perjur'd Lover gone;
And yet by sad experience learn,
That we must still love on:
How strangely are we fool'd by Fate,
Who tread the Maze of Love;
When most desirous to retreat,
We know not how to move.

The Words by Mr. Shadwell. Set by Mr. King.



Dead, dead to all, to all humane things be—side; In that lov'd Breast a—



—lone I live, You night and day my thoughts imploy, You on—ly my de—



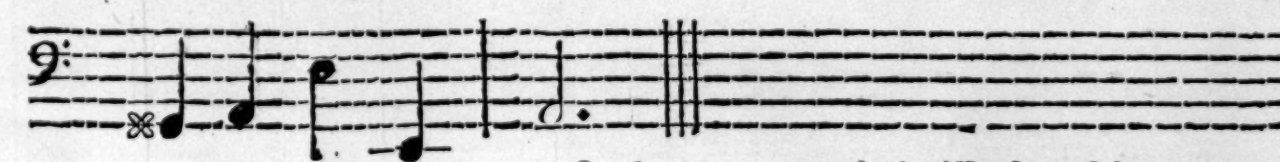
—fire can move, To have a taft for mean—er Joys, is



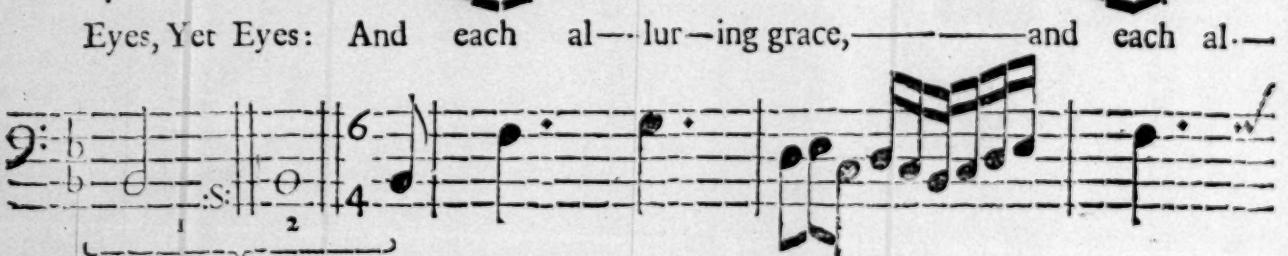
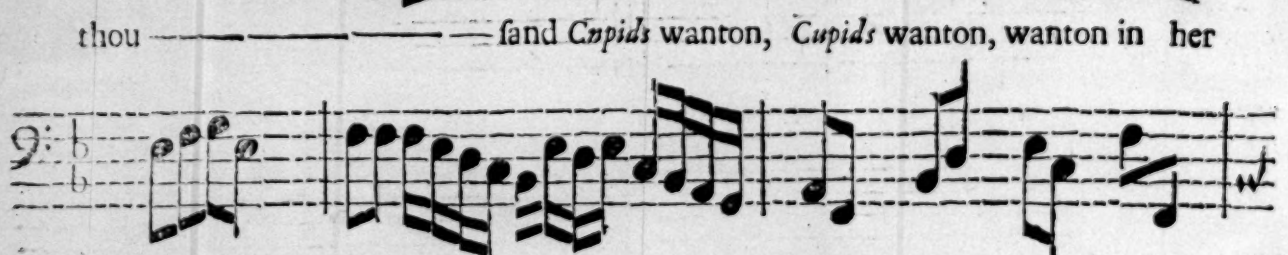
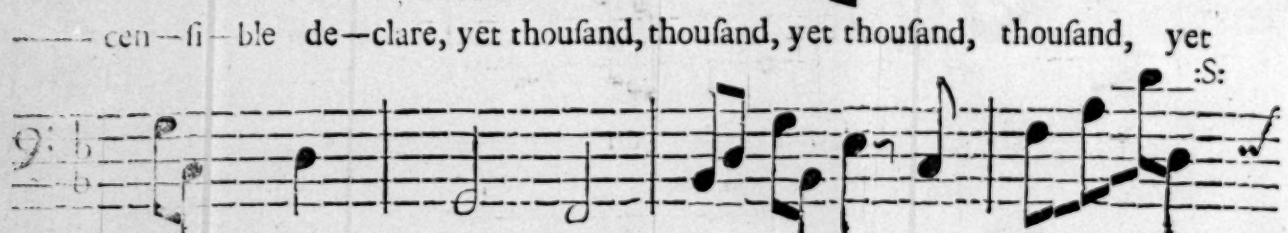
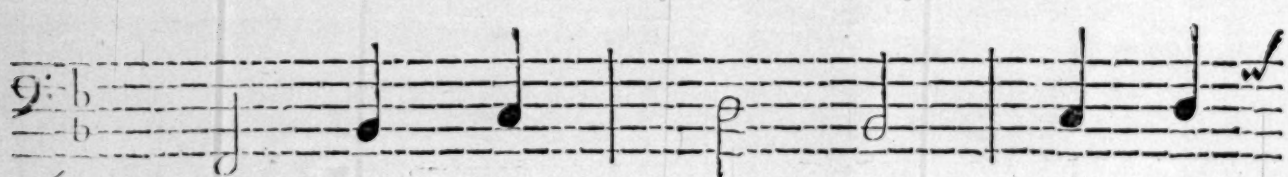
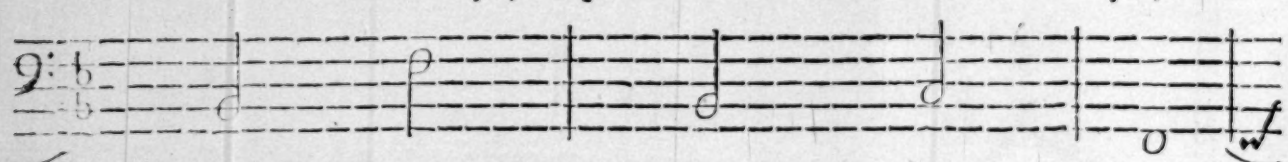
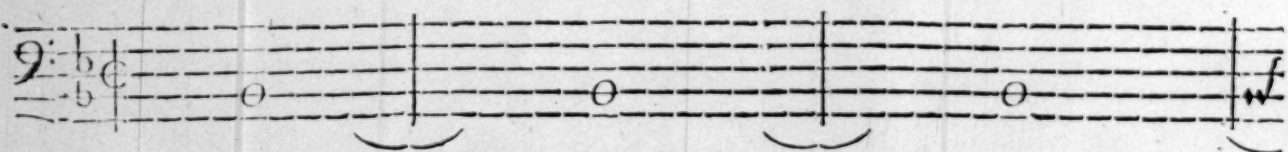
an un—grate—full wrong, is an un—grate



—full wrong to Love



Set by Mr. Corevel. the Words by Mr. Ousley.





A Catch for 4 Voices upon the Fleet.
By Mr. Turner.



whilst the Cannon doe roar, and the Stee — ples doe ring; with Fire tri —



— umphant the Ci — ty shall shine, as *Tourville's* burnt Squadrons en — ligh — ten



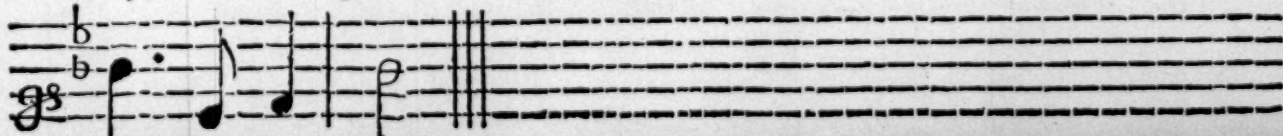
the Maine: May the Tyrant of *France*, thus be humbl'd each day, may his



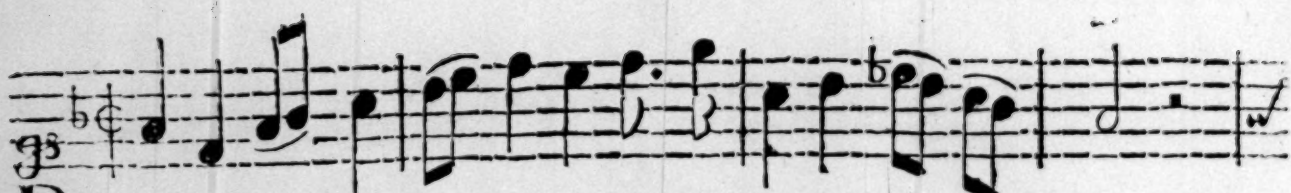
Armes fall by Land as his Na — vy at Sea; whilst *William* and *Ma —*



— ry, with Trophies are Crown'd, may this be our wish as the



Bumpers go round.



Boast — ing Fops, who court the Fair, For the Fame of be — ing Lov'd;



You who dai-ly pra--ting are, Of the Hearts your Charms have mov'd:



Still be vain in Talk and Drefs, But, while shadows you pursue, Own that



some who boast it less, May be blest as much as you.



II.

Love and Birding are ally'd,
 Baits and Nets a-like they have;
 The same Arts in both are try'd,
 The unwary to inflave:
 If in each you'd happy prove,
 Without noise still watch your prey;
 For, in Birding and in Love,
 While we talk it flies away.

[By Dr. Blow.



I F Mu—sick be the food of Love, Sing on, sing on, sing on, sing on till



I am fill'd, am fill'd with Joy; Forthen my lift—ning Soul you move, for



then my lift—ning Soul you move, with pleasures that can ne—ver cloy; Your



Eyes, your Meen, your Tongue declare, that you are Mu—sick e—v'ry where.



II.

Pleasures invade both Eye, and Ear,
 So fierce the transports are, they wound;
 And all my Senses feasted are,
 Tho' yet the Trear is only Sound.
 Sure I must perish by your Charmes,
 Unless you save me in your Armes.



Skye, swift as thoughts in thy Career, to end my cruel mi-se-ry:



Let the Day no time contain, let the Night more quick re-tire,



till *Al-mi-ra's* Armes I've gain'd, with me Love and Fate conspire.



By Mr. Tho. Wrotb.

II.

Cruel absence me confines,
From my dear *Almira's* Arms;
From those Eyes wherein's contain'd,
A thousand blisses, thousand Charmes:
No ill Omen here attend,
No ill boding Bird be nigh;
Let not *Heccate* dare contend,
To hinder my Felicity.

III.

Here all Charming God of Love,
In *Idalian Venus* Armes;
Thousand raptures tastes and proves,
Why not I those softer Charmes:
Let the Day no time contain,
Let the Night more quick retire;
I'll with pleasing killing pains,
In *Almira's* Armes expire.



When first I fair Cor—de—lia knew, I found her heart in Chains, To



one who proud o'th' Con—quest grew, And tri—umph'd in her paines: I



feign'd a gal—lan—try to her, That pas—sion to remove; My try—al



was a—las too dear, In me at last 'twas Love.



By Mr. Francis Forcer.

II.

So have I seen when Bullies meet,
Inflam'd with Wine and rage,
Each draws on to'ther in the Street,
And vigorously engage;
One who to part e'm makes a stand,
Too indiscreetly brave,
Receive his Death from the Friends hand,
Whose Life he try'd to save.



Cou'd you be constant one half hour, you shou'd be told how much I Love :



For Beauty has a sacred Pow'r, to be a—dor'd like Saints a—bove ; I



swear, I cannot say I die, when for my self and you I live: Let com—



—mon Lovers whine and lie, I ask what e—ver you can give.



Chorus.



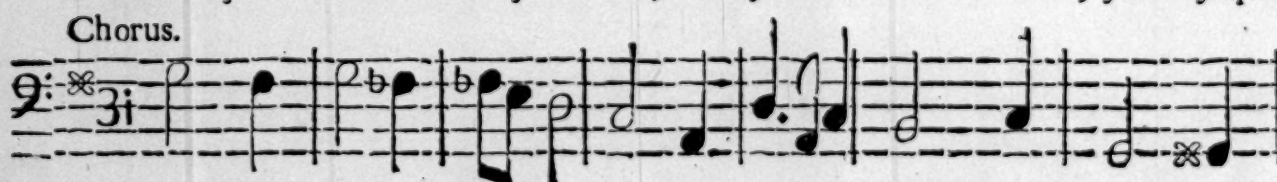
BUT if I ask too much from Love, and you say the Nymph's fic—kle,

Chorus.



BUT if I ask too much from Love, and you say the Nymph's

Chorus.





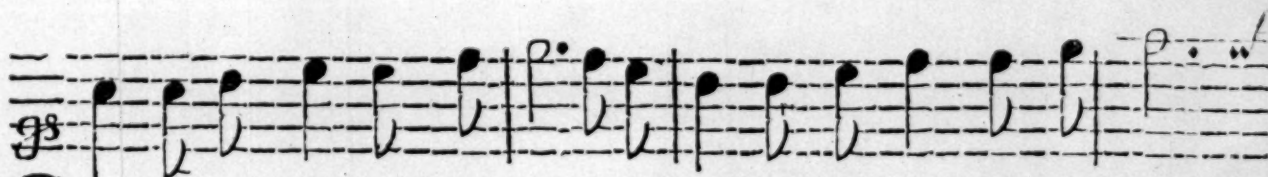
say the Nymph's fic—kle tho', tho' the Shepherd's true.



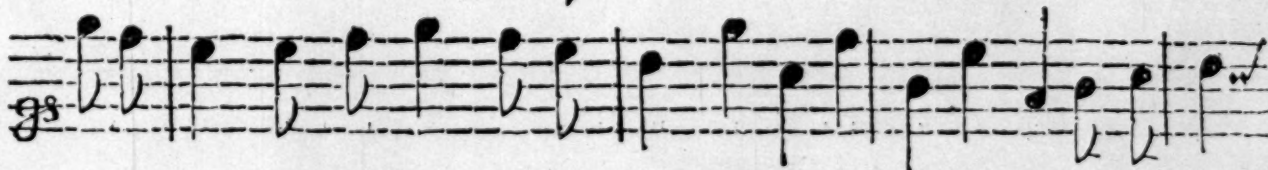
fic—kle say the Nymph's fic—kle tho' the Shepherd's true.



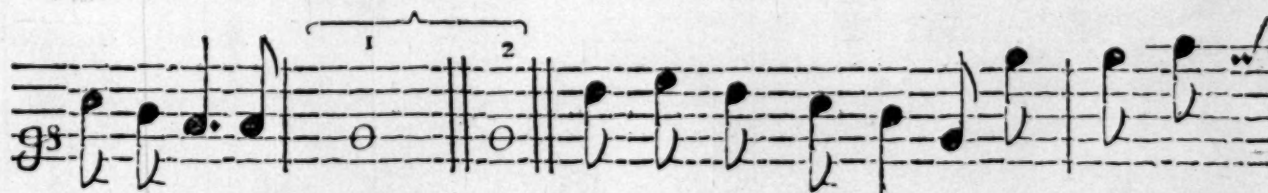
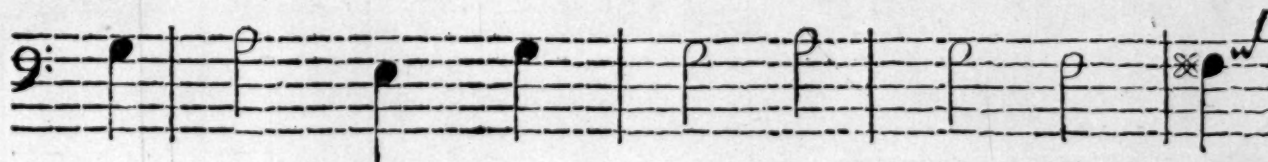
By Mr. Francis Forcer.



Come beat the Drum, Trumpets sound all a-round; Beat the Drum, Trumpets sound

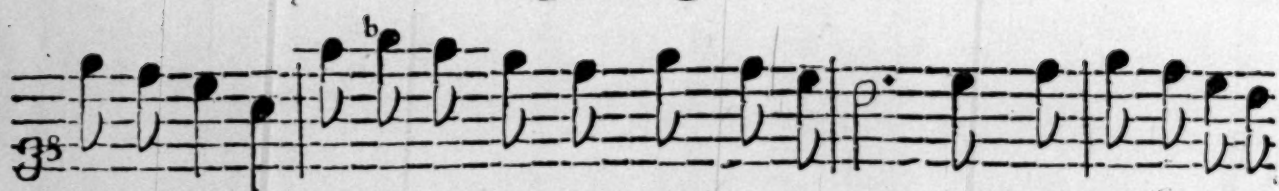


all a-round; mix Hautboys with the noise. Come on, let none be slow, for we go

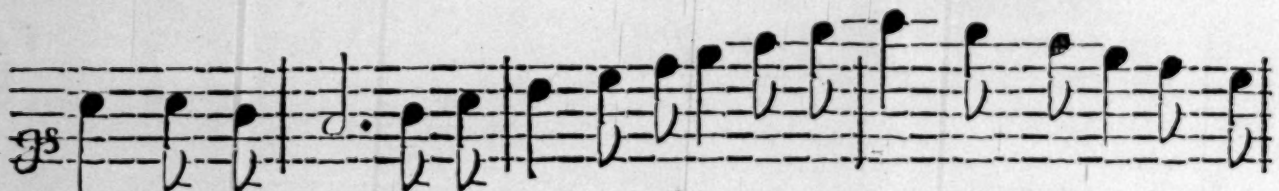
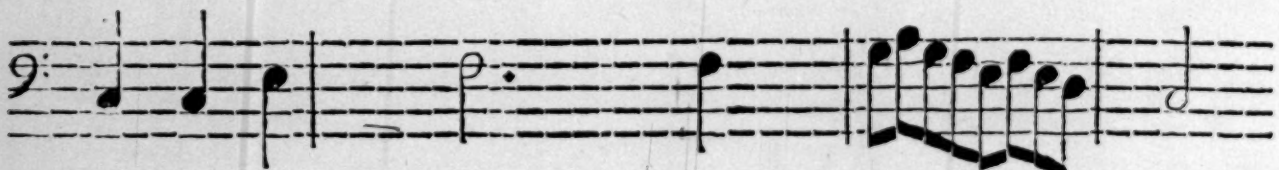
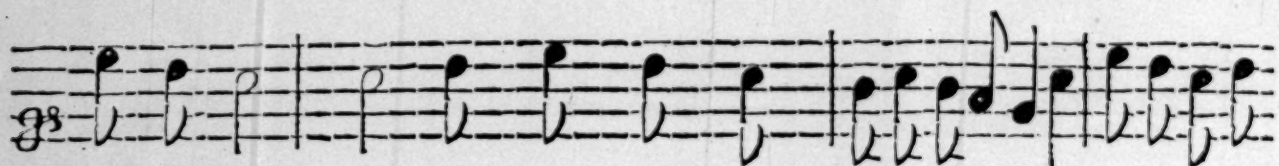


now to meet the Foe: With our brave Commanders we'll drive e'm

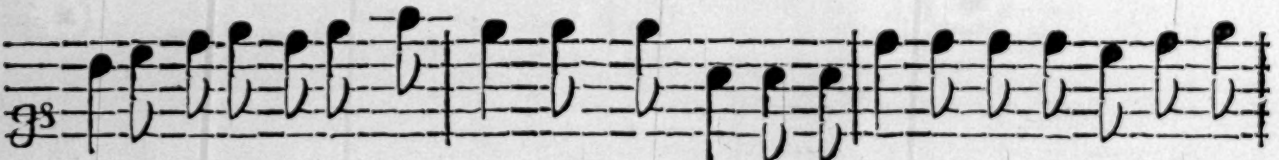
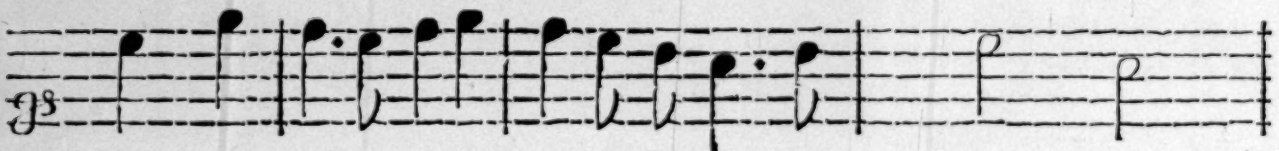




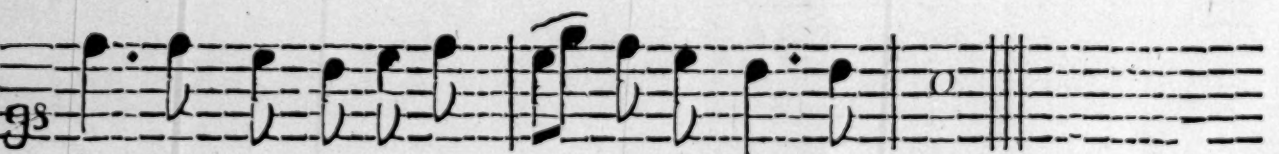
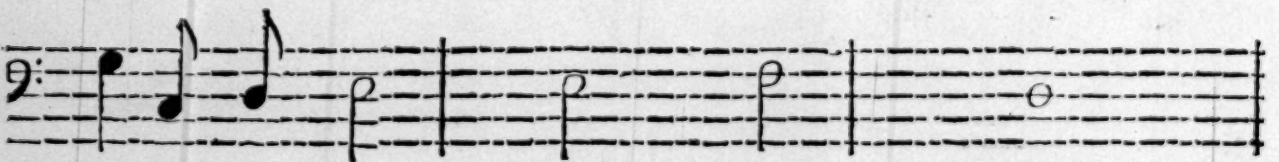
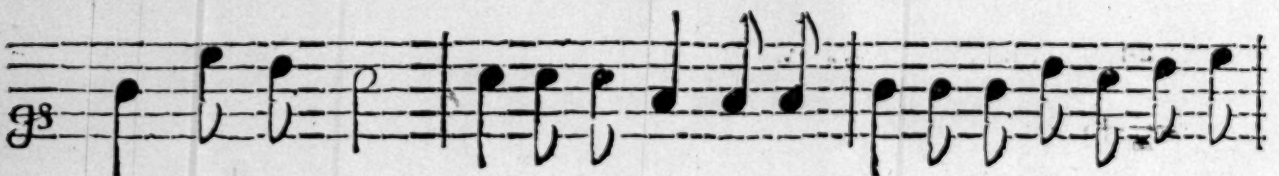
out of *Flanders*; Tho' the Fight they shun, we'll make e'm run; They shall give up in the



whole what they Stole, we will beat and defeat all we meet, *French* or *Turk*, tho' they



Lurk, we will surely doe their work; They shall fare when we join as at *Agbrim* and the



Boyn; with *William* we de—sign to go drink their Wine.



A Catch for Three Voices in commendation of the *Viol*, by Mr. Henry Purcell.



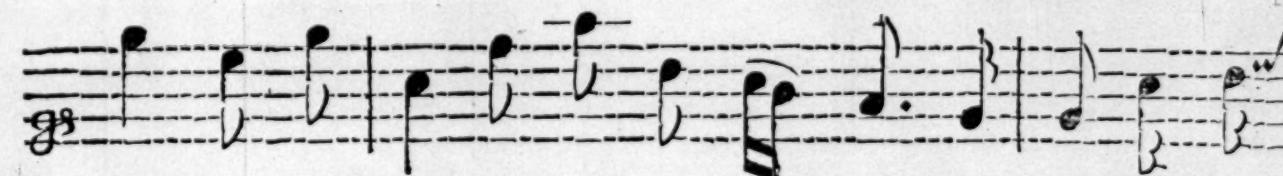
OF all, all the In—stru—ments, all, all, all the In—stru—



ments that are, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none, none,



none with the *Vi—ol* can compare; Mark, mark, mark,



mark how the Strings, how the strings their or—der keep, with a



whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet, whet and a



sweep, sweep, sweep;

But a—bove all, all, all,



all, all, all, all this still a—bounds with a zin—gle,



zin—gle, zin—gle, zin—gle, zin—gle, zin—gle, zin—gle, zin—gle



zing and a Zit—zan—zound.

An *Epsome* Scotch Song, the Words by Mr. *Durfey*.
The Tune by Mr. *Mountfort*.



RISE Bonny Cate the Sun's got up high, the Fiddlers have play'd their last merry



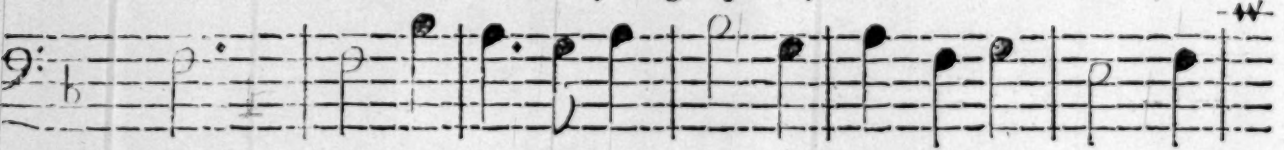
Tune; Let's give e'm a George and bid e'm godb'w'y, and gang to the Wells before 'tis



noon. There to thy health, ize drink my three quarts, then raffle a-mong the



beauties di-vine, where tho' some young Fops may chance to lose hearts, af—

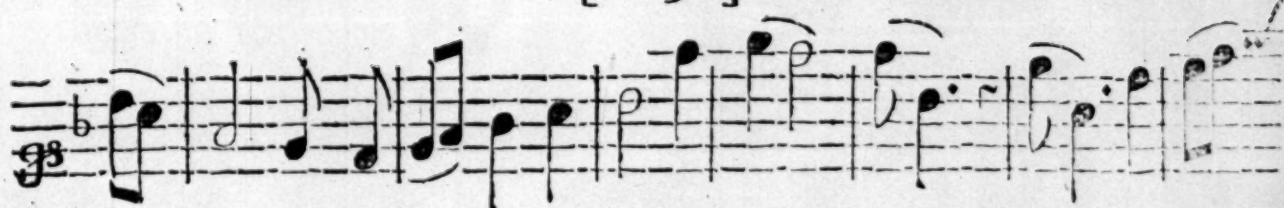


—sure thy self Jockye's shall still be thine. When we come home we'll kiss



and we'll bill, and Feast on each o-ther as well as our meat; Then sad-dle





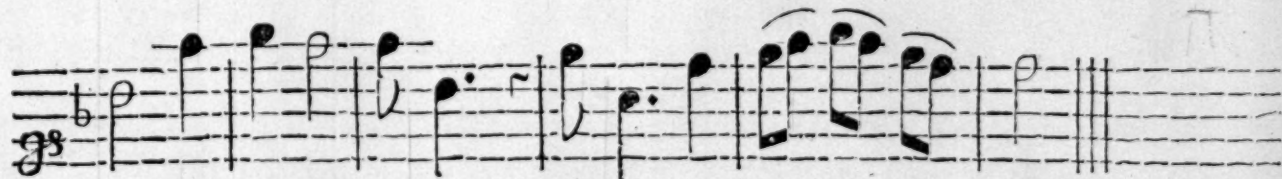
our Nags and a-way to box-hill, and there, there, there con-sum-



—mate the Treat; and when at Bowls I chance to be broak, Smile thou and for



lof-fes I care not a pin, i'll push on my Fortune at night at the



Oake, and quickly, quickly, quickly re-cov'r all a—gen.



V.

For thy diversion couldst thou but think,
Why here all degrees cold Bumpers take off;
Or why all this croud come hither to drink,
In spite of the Spleen twou'd make thee laugh.

VI.

Courtiers and Plough-men, States-men and Citts,
The men of the Sword, and men of the Laws;
The Virgin, the Punck, the Fools, and the Wits,
All tope off their Cups for a different Cause.

VII.

New marry'd Brides their Spouses to please,
Each morning quaff largely in hopes to Conceive;
The Bully too drinks to wash off his Disease,
Still fearing the Fall of the Leaf.

VIII.

Old musty Wives take nine in a hand,
The Maiden takes Five too, that's vext with her Greens;
In hopes they'll have pow'r to prepare her for Man,
When ever She comes to her Teens.

A New Song, Sung by Mrs. Dyer in the new Play
call'd *Henry the 2d.* Compos'd by Mr. Purcell.

N vain, in vain, in vain, in vain gainst Love in

vain I strove, Reason nor Honour, Reason nor Honour could its

force re-move; Tho'

Honour fresh objections brought, and each had won—drous

Sense I thought, each had won—drous Sense I thought:

Sense I thought:



yet Love, love, love more stro — — — ng, yet love, love, love more



stro — — — ng, Tho' not so wise be — lyes my Tongue in



my fond, my fond, my fo — — nd Eye s; One an — swers faint —



— ly no, no, no, but yes, oh yes, oh yes, yes,



yes, oh yes, oh yes, yes, yes, oh yes, the last much lou — —



der cries.



12
8
U R N, turn then thine Eyes, turn, turn then thine

12
8
Turn, turn then thine Eyes, turn, turn then thine

12
8

Eyes, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn then thine Eyes, turn,

Eyes, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn, turn then thine Eyes, turn,

turn then thine Eyes; upon those glo—ries, there, upon those glo—

turn then thine Eyes; upon those glo—ries, there, those glo—

ries there : And catching, catching Fla—

ries there : And catching, catching, catching, catching Fla—

ries there : And catching, catching, catching, catching Fla—

ries there : And catching, catching, catching, catching Fla—

ries there : And catching, catching, catching, catching Fla—



mes, catching, catching Fla — mes will on thy, on thy Torch ap—



mes, catching, catching Fla — mes will on thy, on thy Torch ap—



—pear; And catching, catching flames, and catching catching fla—



—pear; And catching, catching, catching, catching fla—



—mes, catching, catching fla — mes, will



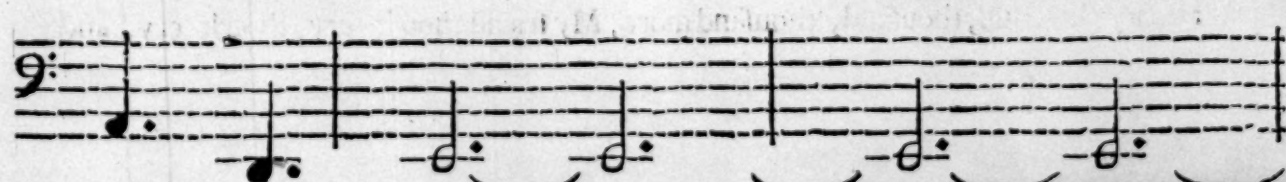
—mes, catching, catching fla — mes will



on thy Torch appear, will on thy Torch appear, will on thy Torch ap—



on thy Torch appear, will on thy Torch appear, will on thy





—pear, appear, will on thy Torch ap—pear, will on thy Torch ap—pear.



Torch appear, will on thy Torch appear, will on thy Torch ap—pear.



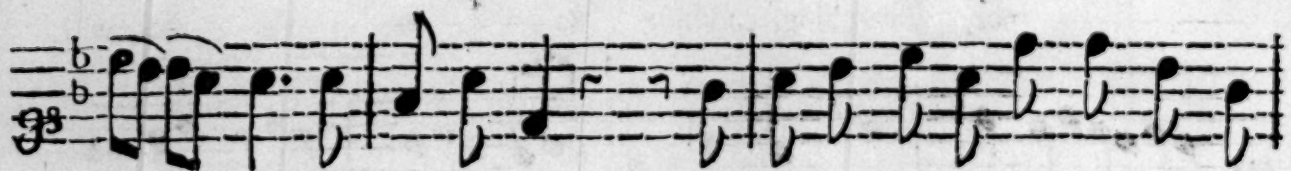
A Song for two Voices, Set by Mr. *Timothy Style*.



GIVE me, give me a kifs, a kifs soft Maid, give me a kifs soft Maid, a



Give me, give me a kifs, a kifs soft Maid, a kifs soft



kifs soft Maid, and one, and one, and then i'le ravish, then i'le ravish



Maid, and one, and one, and then i'le ravish, then i'le ravish, then i'le ravish



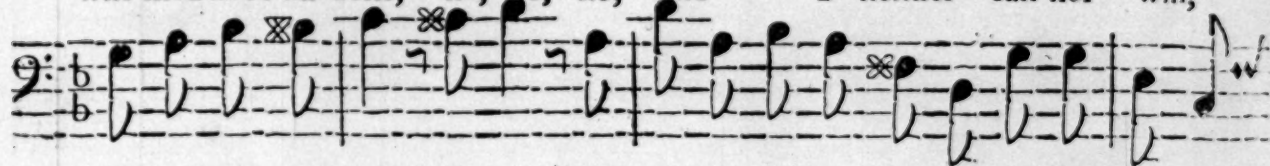
twenty. thou ———— sand more; My friend thou'lt cry, thou'lt cry, and



twenty thousand, thousand, thousand more; My friend thou'lt cry, thou'lt cry, and



wilt thou ne're ha' done, no, no, no, no I neither can nor will,



wilt thou ne'er ha' done, no, no I neither can nor will give o're, no, no I



no, no, no, no I neither can nor will, no, no, no, no I neither can nor

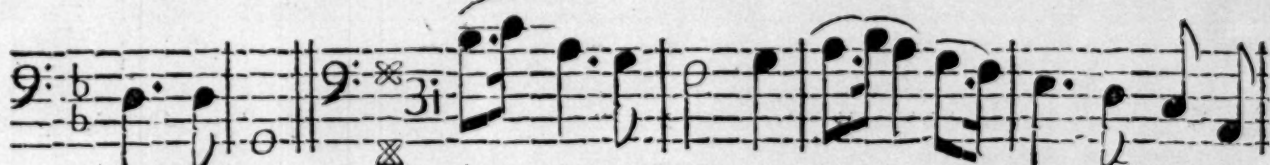


neither can nor will, nor can no, no, no, no, no, no, no I neither can nor



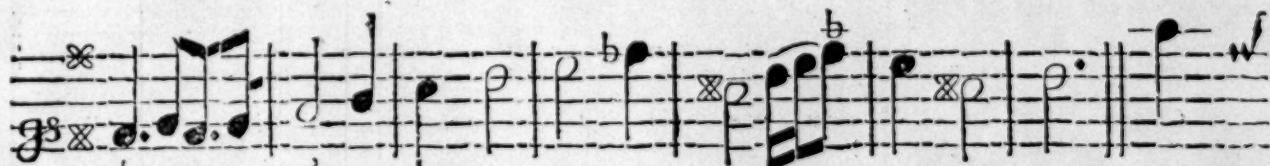
will give o're.

Bid me the drops, the drops which doe the Ocean

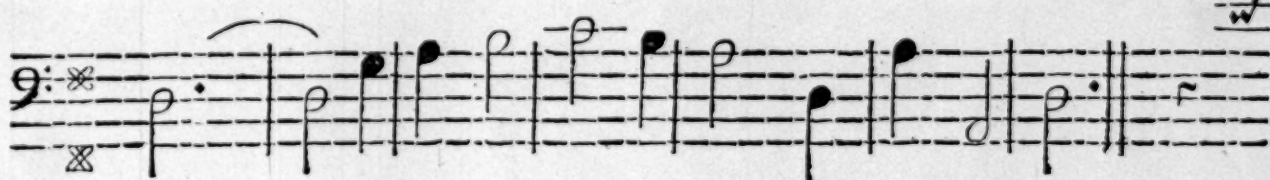


will give o're.

Bid me the drops, the drops which doe the Ocean



fill ——— or gawdy Shells're—count which clog the shore. The



fill, or gawdy Shells recount which clog the shore.

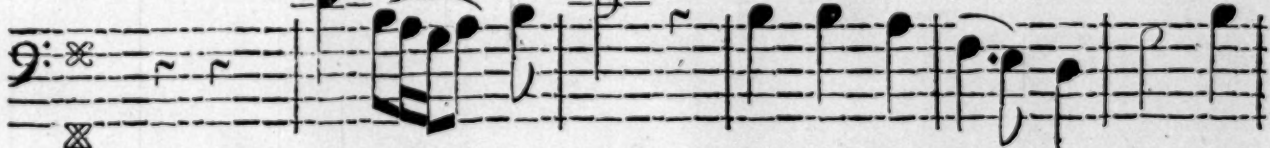


bu——fy

Bees

plundring, plundring each

Flowry hill, or



The bu——fy Bees plundring each Flow—ry hill, or



glo—rious Cæsar's virtues num—ber o're.

What's this, what's

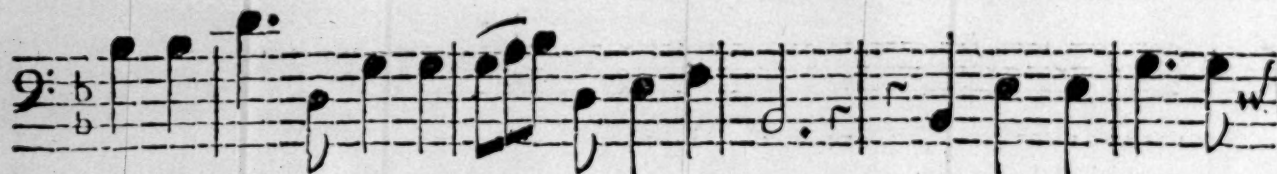


glo—rious Cæsar's virtues num—ber o're.

What's



this, the scanty number's yet too small, what's this, what's this, the scanty



this, what's this, the scanty number's yet too small, what's this, what's this, the



number's yet too small, a new A—rith—metick I must explore ;



scanty number's yet too small, a new A—rithmetick I must explore ;



Give me ten thousand thousand, give me all, give me all, all, all, he's a



Give me ten thousand, give me all, give me all, all, all, all, he's a



wretch who knows to count his store.



wretch who knows to count his store.

A Song set by Mr. Henry Purcell.

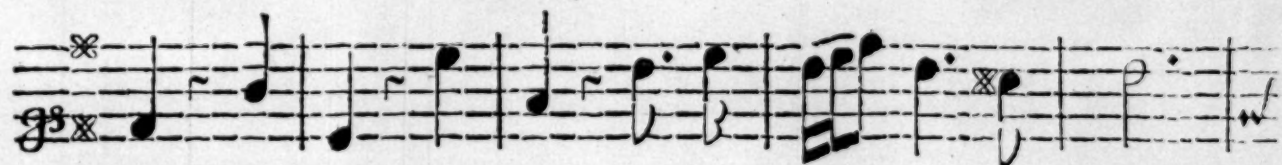


LET us Dance, let us Sing, let us si





ng whilst our Life's in the Spring; and give all, and give



all, all, all, all, all to the great God of Love :



Let us Love, let us Re-vel, let us re-vel and



play, let us, let us re-vel and play, and re-joy-



ce whilst we may; Since old Time, since old



Time these de-ligh-ts will re-move.



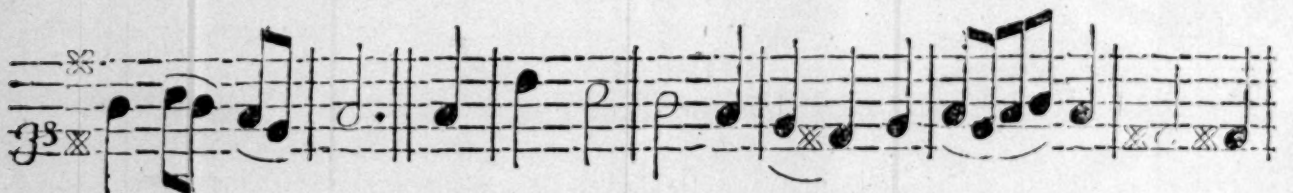
A new Song Sung at Court on the Kings Birth day.



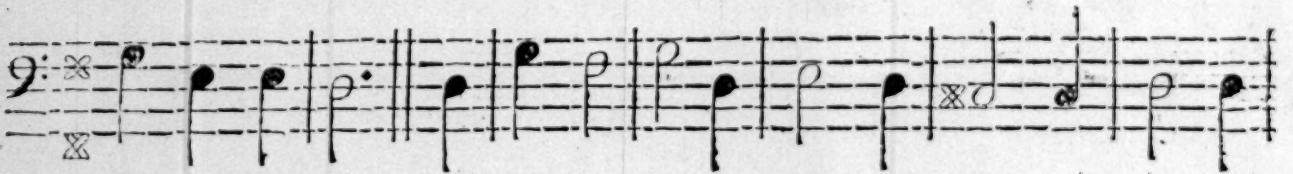
He does to thick — est Crowds of Foes, his fa — cred breast for




us ex — pose; Oh may his Toy — les and dangers cease, and his keen Sword

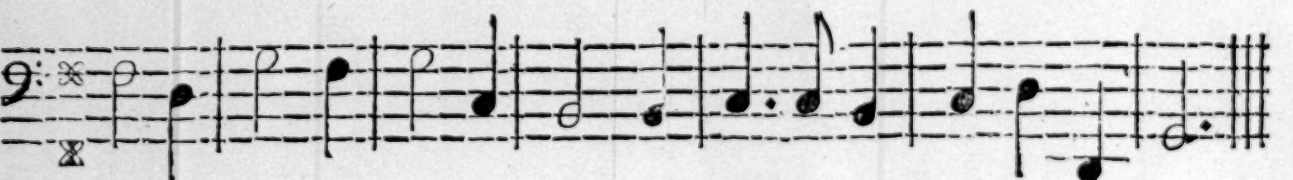
give Eu — rope peace: That Circled in his sweet Ma — ri — a's Armes, hee




may be free from rough Al — larms, from rough al — larms; and in wife




sway his mind im — ploy, and all the Calm de — lights of peace en — joy.



By Dr. Staggins.

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COMES AMORIS: OR THE Companion of LOVE.

Being a Choice COLLECTION
Of The Newest SONGS now in Use.

WITH

vs to each SONG for the *Harpfichord, Theorbo, or Bass-Viol.*

THE FIFTH BOOK.

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